

The World

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THE BEEF TRUST AGAIN.

A year ago last June, some months after the combination of packers had secured full control of the market, cattle were selling in Chicago at the highest prices in twenty years and the retail prices of meat in this city exceeded the top notch figures for fifteen years!

The despatches from Omaha point to a return to this condition and are likely to create apprehension of worse extortion to come.

According to these advices the trust, while paying 40 per cent. less for pork than one year ago, is charging the retailers 15 per cent. more than then. For beef steers, while paying 25 per cent. less it is charging 10 per cent. more. Meantime the trust is paying the producers but little more than one-half of what it paid them last year for live stock.

In this brief statement of facts is summarized the whole scheme of monopolistic extortion by the packers' combination, which made it the object of Federal proceedings last year. It was charged then—

1. That the firms composing this combination conspired by refraining from bidding against one another for live stock to compel the raisers of stock to sell their products at a price lower than the normal market price.

2. That they also conspired to raise and fix prices for consumers of fresh meats.

3. That they restricted shipments, maintained a black list and received rebates from railways.

Are not the first two allegations borne out in fact again by this new report of its impositions? It is not too much to say that the Beef Trust is the most iniquitous of American combinations in restraint of trade. Its renewed exhibition of greed at the expense of the public sufficiently shows how futile were the legal proceedings instituted against it by Attorney-General Knox.

LITTLE LESSONS IN FINANCE—III

With Steel preferred at 59 and the common stock at 13 it is instructive to recall the prices at which the stock of its constituent companies was selling before the merger was effected. In the spring of 1901 the stocks of six of these companies were quoted as follows:

Company	Preferred Com'n
Federal Steel.....	99 49
National Tube.....	110 59
American Steel & Wire.....	106 43
National Steel.....	111 52
American Tin Plate.....	111 69
American Sheet Steel.....	89 42

The Securities of the American Bridge Company, the American Steel Hoop Company and the parent Carnegie Company were rated as choice investment stocks. The penalty exacted for their inflation has been as severe as it was swift.

A noteworthy feature of the new finance is its ready acceptance of a market price for newly issued securities far below that of their face value. It is an old trick of the mine or oil well promoter to figure on a 10 per cent. basis in offering shares for sale—10 cents cash for a dollar of par paper. The shipbuilding agreement for the sale of the so-called Morgan block of stock put an upset price of 65 on the preferred and 25 on the common. The bonds were procurable from the first at 10 per cent. discount.

The United States Steel stocks underwent a somewhat similar experience. The first quotations in the curb market before the listing of the stock rated the common at 35 and the preferred at 70. The highest figure reached by the common stock was 55, in 1901.

In effect, this stock was issued on a 50 per cent. basis as that of the Shipbuilding Company was on a 25 per cent. basis, an adaptation of "boom" finance methods not without its significance.

SERIOUSNESS OF SLIGHT INJURIES.

Very recently there have occurred four conspicuous instances of a slight scratch or equally trifling wound or bruise occasioning blood poisoning of a most serious nature. In two cases the victims died, while for the others a fatal issue of the injury was narrowly averted. As emphasizing the danger of neglecting any abrasion of the skin, however innocent, they are cited here:

Dr. Virgil McDavitt, of Quincy, Ill., accidentally scratched himself with an instrument he had used in performing an operation. Blood poisoning ensued and his death followed.

John Gruener died in Wilkesbarre Tuesday from lockjaw following a wound in his foot inflicted by a game cock's spur.

President Truesdale, of the Lackawanna Railroad, scratched with his nail a minute pimple that had formed on his right arm. It was at first thought necessary to amputate the arm, which was saved with difficulty.

William L. Elkins, the Philadelphia traction magnate, is lying seriously ill from blood poisoning produced by the shading of a light shoe.

Each of these wounds was of a nature so unimportant as not to occasion alarm or apparently to require a physician's immediate services. A little care at the moment of its infliction, the application of a little clean soap and water or a drop of Iodine and the disastrous consequences might have been averted.

Generally personal cleanliness is not in itself enough; the small particle of infection which a "clean" nail may convey may prove harmful, as President Truesdale's experience illustrates.

THE "BANKERS' SPECIAL."

The commissary department of the "Bankers' Special" in which representative financiers are to make their trip to San Francisco and return satisfy the requirements of an honorable artillery company in the quantity and quality of provender provided, not to mention the liquid refreshments.

There seems not to be quite such an intolerable deal of sack to the allowance of bread as the artillerymen might desire, but 'twill serve. The gross upon gross of champagne and Rhine wine, the "56 individual bottles of whiskey, the 1,728 individual bottles of cocktails, the 144 individual bottles of brandy and the 288 individual bottles of Scotch whiskey," not to particularize about the barrel of Bass, the barrel of stout and the four barrels of beer, ought to prove sufficient for an extra dry collection of financial thirsts. It is a provision of drinkables that would last a popular golf club through a busy season.

This train marks the highest development of the luxury of railroad travel. The word "palace car" as applied to a Pullman of a quarter of a century ago and as applied to-day to designate the finished product of the car covers an extraordinary evolution of elaborate comfort on the rail.

Little Tragedies Strikingly Told in Four Words.



MASH



FLASH



DASH



THRASH

Comfort in New York

A Series of Lectures Delivered to the Adipose Club by Professor Wafer Thin.

NO. 1.—ELASTIC COMFORT.

"GENTLEMEN and fellow-members of the Adipose Club," began Chairman Haftun after ingeniously waddling to the center of the platform. "I have the pleasure and honor to introduce to you the most comfortable man in New York. He has been urged to deliver to the club a series of lectures on how to be supremely comfortable in New York under all circumstances and whether compelled by public or domestic necessity. I am convinced that his lectures will be both entertaining and instructive."

A shadow crossed the stage and bowed while 10,000 pounds of flesh tumbled forward in an attitude of interest and expectancy. Presently it was clear that the shadow was a man and that he was clearing his throat. Gasps of "Hear! hear!" came from the rolling mountains in the great chairs that occupied the floor space in the room.

"Gentlemen," began Prof. Wafer Thin, for the clothing on the shadow was now clearly visible. "I wish to tell you at the start that my lectures are based entirely upon personal experiences. I will waste no words in introduction, but begin right at the beginning."

"My first lecture is on elastic comfort, or the comforts of elasticity. Ten years ago I moved to this great city. I moved from a large village in which there were fifty houses, all roomy and comfortable, and all surrounded by many broad acres of land. At that time I weighed 35 pounds 11 ounces in the summer and 35 pounds 4 ounces in the winter."

"When I reached New York, with my wife and seven children, I found that there was no such thing as a house within my means. I was told that I would have to live in a flat."

"I will pass over my search for an apartment, as you can readily imagine the distress of such a search for a man of my weight. Suffice it to say that we at last found a flat or five alcoves letting off a hallway that was about the size of my purse."

"After giving my pedigree, my watch and chain and little odds and ends of jewelry to the janitor I moved my furniture into the alcoves. Then my wife and children went in."

"When my wife called out the window and announced that she and the children were inside I was somewhat fatigued, as I had assisted the movers in breaking up the piano and other household utensils to enable them to conveniently pass through the main entrance and then, with a little additional chopping, through the doorway leading to the alcoves."

"As I said before, I weighed 355 pounds when I came to New York. When I started to climb the five flights of stairs to our new home I must have weighed fully 325. As there were no scales at the top of the stairs, though it seemed a long way—no pun intended—I do not know what I lost through the climb. Necessarily, I was still robust when I reached the top landing."

"When I gained my doorway the movers were still talking with my wife. With their assistance I disrobed somewhat the proverb referring to the camel and the eye of a needle and for the first time proved what comfort could be obtained from elasticity."

"When I moved through the doorway my natural tendency was to expand again, but I saw that if I did it would endanger the lives of three of my children who were standing in the hallway and restrained myself. I felt like sitting down, but saw no chair I could get near. I secured repose, however, by relaxing and allowing myself to wedge between the walls. I had found another comfort in elasticity."

"A few hours later my wife and children had arranged the furniture and I was invited to come into the parlor. After six of the children had reluctantly left I shrank myself sufficiently to get inside and, sitting in the parlor, managed to eat my supper from the alcove dining-room."

"Later my wife suggested that I was possibly tired and would like to go to my room. By this time I had done wonders in the elastic way and was getting a huge degree of comfort from it. Finding that I could double up and lop over parts of my body in a wonderful manner."

"When my wife finally said, 'John, this is your room,' I replied quietly, 'Mary, don't joke, there is no room to spare. The room she had referred to was a square corner in which a bed had been operated on had been jammed. Well, not to tire you, I found that by midnight I was elastic enough to get to bed and sleep comfortably.'

Prof. Thin then gave a graphic description of the manner in which he had disposed of his flesh and wound up with 'After that I found my little home supremely comfortable.'

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

Regardless of the Feelings of Miss Sixfoot's Guests He Shows the Difference Between His Warble and De Reszke's.



Stories Told About New Yorkers.

"I SUPPOSE you've had lots of them. While in a barber's chair recently the tenuous tongue-wagger, who always votes the Republican ticket, said: 'I suppose you have a good many warm friends among the Republicans, Colonel?'"

"I'm, perhaps, but usually they remind me of my law clerk's call me 'the old man' when they refer to me. I replied, without even the suspicion of a wink."

"The Englishman stared solemnly at me for several seconds and then remarked: 'That's awfully droll, don't you know?'"

"I'm willing to wager any amount," concluded Mr. Hummel, "that he hasn't caught on yet."

The Man Higher Up.

Folly of Writing Love Letters.

"I SEE that the love-letter written by the lady had appeared on the surface in that divorce case downtown," said the Cigar Store Man.

"And she had it all her own way, too," said the Man Higher Up. "With the able assistance of the alleged co-respondents she had the testimony of the French maid and the Milesian boss of the kitchen looking like a set of market reports; she had the pink wrapper worked to the semblance of a diving suit. And then they dig up the love-letter, which the co-respondent to whom it was addressed says he never got. Well may she say with the bug-house poet:

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen myself get double crossed.
I never wrote a foolish thing,
That didn't bark on getting lost."

"The habit of putting the emotions on paper causes more trouble in the world than the drink habit. Especially is this true when people choose the U. S. mails as the medium for the conveyance of words of love. The most idiotic sentiments ever spied in the way of expressions of affection have been written down and read out in divorce or breach-of-promise suits."

"Why a married woman should sit down and write to a man other than her husband that he is her only, only, puts a spike in my thought works. But they do it every day, and a lot of them get away with it, because there are discreet co-respondents who take the letters they receive to the furnace, stuff them in and wait there until the fire goes out."

"As far as that is concerned, the men are worse than the women. A man with a head as level as a billiard table in business matters will sit down and write letters to a woman he hardly knows that would admit him to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue on the first reading and by the unanimous vote of all the alienists, in the world. He puts himself on record when his soul is hot, reads the letter over five or six times and then socks it into the mail chute with as little attention to the consequences as he might feel in throwing away a cigar butt."

"Wise men claim that love is a disease. It must be true. Nothing but a funny microbe could prompt the slobber effusions that persons of seeming wisdom write to the objects of their affections. At that, there are few men or women alive who haven't got letters out that they would hock their immortal souls to get back."

"I never wrote a foolish love-letter in my life," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"You talk as though you thought you were dead," answered the Man Higher Up.

Freaks of Hairdressing.

In Abyssinia one method of doing the hair that is adopted by warriors is to stroll into the market place, buy a pound of butter and, putting it upon the top of the hair, stand still while the sun arranges things. When the hair is thus dressed with melted butter the Abyssinian knows that fate cannot (or will not) touch him—he is a picture of well-dressed elegance done in oils. Another style is to tress the hair and every tress means something. A young warrior with a head of hair untressed is of no account; he has not yet killed a man. When, however, he has done so all his hair is shaved off except enough to make one tress, which is of the same significance as a notch on a pistol stock. After that every man he kills entitles him to add another tress, until as a conquering hero of 100 tresses he is a formidable man to try conclusions with."

The Horse Has No Sense.

"I don't see why any one should talk about 'horse sense,'" said the man who had just returned from a long drive. "For if there is anything on earth which has not a grain of common sense it is a horse. For instance, my horse to-day passed several automobiles going at top speed and never moved an eyelid, but later when he saw a bit of white paper blowing in the road he nearly had a fit and I had all I could do to control him. The other day he shied and acted foolishly at a pile of gray stones by the roadside and then trotted gently under a railroad bridge while a train was rumbling over his head."

Insects Have Airships.

Insects enjoying aerial navigation by the use of balloons were recently caught by a French naturalist, who noticed them as small, bright objects floating in the air and behaving as if they were being steered. He caught some of them and found them to be viscous air bubbles one-fourth of an inch long, of uniform dimensions, and showing iridescent reflection. Each balloon was suspended by the feet of an insect resembling the hornet fly.

Dressing for Dinner.

If a woman isn't in the habit of dressing for dinner she should get into the way of doing so. No matter if the frock one takes off is better than the one put on, the change is good. Dinner gowns in the accepted sense are elaborate affairs, but house gowns need not be. White cotton net is charming worn over high-necked slips of colored lawn. If one feels the cold, it is easy to add a union suit or cotton vest.

A Freak Tree.

Fruit breeders have produced many marvels, but nothing quite akin to the unadorned performance of a tree in Forfarshire, Scotland, which last year grew apples, and whose branches are this year reported to be laden with pears."